

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, January 3, 1895, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1328 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. Monday, January 3rd, (1895) My darling Alec:

I hope that you won't get this at least not until after I have seen you, still I don't like to stop writing you. It's funny that I should miss you as much as I do. Everything is lovely here. I am very happy to be with my mother and father yet somehow I am not satisfied. I don't feel in my proper place out of my own house and away from my husband. I am going to telegraph you today. Grace wants to have you at her party on the 7th, and I want you now right away. Do please come, dear old man. I am troubled about Daisy. I don't think that she is well or strong and she seems to feel so dreadfully about my leaving her and going back to Beinn Bhreagh. I don't understand why she should begin crying about it when I have just come, it does not seem natural for a healthy child to feel badly so far ahead of time. It is not as if she made a parade of it, she doesn't, in fact she makes me promise not to tell when she has been crying. Mamma says it is so hard to know what to do with her because she won't take any care of herself. The doctor gives her medicines and she forgets to take them. She leaves the window open and won't take the trouble to shut it although the wind is blowing on her and so on. I think Elsie is all right in the school. She is well and though she wants to change I think it is only the restlessness of the child. She always wants to do something 2 different, whereas Daisy says she doesn't want to go abroad for she wants to go home and be at home for a good long time. At home where there are no visitors she says. I feel quite reassured about Elsie and Elias, but am not so sure about Daisy and Robert. Daisy says less. Elsie brought me a whole basketful of Elias' letters and wants me to read them all. As they are all of the length of the one you saw, you may imagine that this is somewhat of an undertaking. But if she wants me to see them they can't be very dangerous. Daisy says that Robert's are not so long and are

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private, that he says she is not to show them to anyone "except of course Cousin Mabel". Which last gratifies me exceedingly. I told the children that I wanted to rent the Lodge so as to bring new people in. Elsie said nothing. Daisy said she liked old ways best. She said she would not have missed last summer for a hundred dollars, but did not want to repeat it, at least not for all summer. She wanted to work hard part of next summer. She is to join the church next Sunday. I forgot to tell you that. I will have to telegraph you. You came on when Elsie joined the church so she naturally wants you when she repeats the performance. Do please come.

It is cold enough here, dry and quite bracing. I haven't been out or seen anyone except Mamma's callers on Saturday and Mr. and Mrs. Dawes at dinner yesterday. Then I went to Georgetown yesterday and staid for supper. Your father and mother are very well and bright but feel very badly at your long delay in coming. Mr. Paris sent out his pictures and Mrs. Bell selected the view from the spare room window. Mr. Paris wants \$80.00 for it. I think it is green but 3 pretty. Mr. and Mrs. Storrow are coming to dinner tonight. This is Mr. Storrow's son and his bride, the young lady whose advent into the family you say caused such excitement to the blue blood of Boston. Mamma says that the young man is so very queer that she does not believe any Boston young lady could possibly share his life out in Washington with him, that he has done well in taking someone who knows the life there and so will have more equanimity with which to endure his eccentricities.

I am going to make some calls with Papa after lunch. I just dread going out but suppose that this is all the more reason for my going. Mrs. Lander gave your father and mother golden wedding rings and they are wearing them. I thought it rather a funny thing for her to give them.

Where is my compass. I haven't forgotten it and want it very much.

Mr. McCurdy says you have my morning room. Don't spoil it and especially not my pretty little desk and come, come down to your loving wife.

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Ever yours.